

And presently.

*Woer.* She would have me sing.

*Doctor.* You did so?

*Woer.* No.

*Doct.* Twas very ill done then,  
You should observe her ev'ry way.

*Woer.* Alas

I have no voice Sir, to confirme her that way.

*Doctor.* That's all one, if yee make a noyse,  
If she intreate againe, doe any thing,  
Lye with her if she aske you.

*Taylor.* Hoa there *Doctor.*

*Doctor.* Yes in the waie of cure.

*Taylor.* But first by your leave  
I'th way of honestie.

*Doctor.* That's but a nicenesse,  
Nev'r cast your child away for honestie;  
Cure her first this way, then if shee will be honest,  
She has the path before her.

*Taylor.* Thanke yee *Doctor.*

*Doctor.* Pray bring her in  
And let's see how shee is.

*Taylor.* I will, and tell her  
Her *Palamon* staies for her: But *Doctor*,  
Me thinkes you are i'th wrong still.

*Exit Taylor.*

*Doct.* Goe, goe: you Fathers are fine Fooles: her honesty?  
And we should give her physicke till we finde that:

*Woer.* Why, doe you thinke she is not honest Sir?

*Doctor.* How old is she?

*Woer.* She's eightene.

*Doctor.* She may be,  
But that's all one, tis nothing to our purpose,  
What ere her Father saies, if you perceave  
Her moode inclining that way that I spoke of  
Videlicet, the way of flesh, you have me.

*Woer.* Yet very well Sir,

*Doctor.* Please her appetite  
And doe it home, it cures her *ipso facto*,

The

The mellencholly humour that infects her.

*Woer.* I am of your minde *Doctor.*

*Enter Taylor, Daughter, Maide.*

*Doctor.* You'l finde it so; she comes, pray honour her.

*Taylor.* Come, your Love *Palamon* staies for you childe,  
And has done this long houre, to visite you.

*Daughter.* I thanke him for his gentle patience,  
He's a kind Gentleman, and I am much bound to him,  
Did you nev'r see the horse he gave me?

*Taylor.* Yes.

*Daugh.* How doe you like him?

*Taylor.* He's a very faire one.

*Daugh.* You never saw him dance?

*Taylor.* No.

*Daugh.* I have often.

He daunces very finely, very comely,  
And for a ligge, come cut and long taile to him,  
He turnes ye like a Top.

*Taylor.* That's fine indeede.

*Daugh.* Hee'l dance the Morris twenty mile an houre,  
And that will founder the best hobby-horse  
(If I have any skill) in all the parish,  
And gallops to the turne of *Light a love*,  
What thinke you of this horse?

*Taylor.* Having these vertues  
I thinke he might be broght to play at Tennis.

*Daugh.* Alas that's nothing.

*Taylor.* Can he write and reade too.

*Daugh.* A very faire hand, and casts himselfe th'accounts  
Of all his hay and provender: That Hostler  
Must rise betime that cozens him; you know  
The Chestnut Mare the Duke has?

*Taylor.* Very well.

*Daugh.* She is horribly in love with him, poore beast,  
But he is like his master coy and scornefull.

*Taylor.* What dowry has she?

*Daugh.* Some two hundred Bottles,  
And twenty Strike of Oates; but hee'l ne're have her;

He